

Go to Work Hunker

the "Boys" at ... Many Will Come In Soon.

we, better known ... arrived on the ... yesterday afternoon, ... on a force of men ... Hunker. He has ... expected during the ... says that he has now ... and thinks that ... out getting anything ...

Lowe in San Francisco ... the opening of ... health has not been ... the winter, or ... had a much gaye ... saw most of the ... are gone out, and ... those who bought ... on which to settle ... rain this summer ... Pasa Roubles he ... and Jack Gregor, ... the baths there and ... generally. In San ... whole horde of Kl ... McPhee, Bill Leg ... Frank Physcator, ... shortly, and a number ... Los Angeles he met ... has a fine residen ... also James Rogers, ... the Monte Carlo ... Healy, who is min ... pitalists, and talk ... had strongly to the ...

ages in and out.

Pass stage arrived ... yesterday afternoon ... passengers, five s ... some express and freight ... were: R. R. L ... Mrs. D. Bargon, M ... rs. Leonard, A. G. S ... & McCrae, who has ... in Victoria in the ... G. Wilson vs. the C ... rs. Pitblan, who ca ...

ing at Nugget office.

BACK

With Our Month We ... R in the ... Cent.

Brothers FIRST AVENUE

in Wheel Barrows ... Steel Tray. ... Fittings, Etc.

OR CO. EVERY TELEPHONE

POTATOES Waste.

PANY

OF INTEREST TO STAKERS

Concerning the Lapsing of Claims

When Such Revert on Sunday They Cannot Be Staked Until Midnight Monday.

A phase in the relocation of a claim arose today in the gold commissioner's office which it would be well to bear in mind when about to stake a claim that has reverted to the crown. It refers to the date upon which it lapses when such happens to be Sunday, it being held by the department that when a claim becomes vacant on Sunday it can not be staked until after midnight on Monday. Such ruling is expressly provided for in the statutes, which in the majority of time takes no cognizance of Sunday being in existence at all. In other words, if a claim falls vacant on Sunday the day is treated as though it doesn't exist and Monday is shoved forward a day, the claim being becoming open to entry Monday morning at midnight, instead of Sunday night at the same hour. The same law applies to commercial parties when about to be protested. A claim falling due on Sunday can not be offered for protest until after midnight on Monday. This ruling in no way affects the staking of a claim on Sunday. It is just as legal to stake on that day as on any other day in the week.

"This matter first came up about three weeks ago," said Acting Assessor Gold Commissioner Pattullo this morning, "and I think if it is given some publicity and the position fully explained it may perhaps save

The Ladue Assay Office

is prepared to Assay all kinds of rock. We have the finest equipped assaying plant in the Yukon Territory and guarantee all work. Our Quartz Mill will soon be in operation and we will make it possible to develop the values of any free milling ledge. Call and talk it over with

The Ladue Co.

Whitehouse and Golden Gate Coffee At AVERY'S, 5th Ave. cor. Dugas St.

EMPIRE HOTEL... JAS. F. MACDONALD, Prop. and Mgr. Everything New, Elegantly Furnished Well Heated, Bar Attached. SECOND STREET. Near Second Ave.

REOPENED HOLBORN CAFE R. L. HALL, PROPRIETOR Business Lunch 11:30 a. m. to 3:30 p. m. Dinner 4:30 to 9:00 p. m. OPEN ALL NIGHT FIRST AVENUE. Next J. P. McLennan's

The Sunset Range For home comfort. The famous double oven Hotel Range Specially adapted for restaurants and hotel use. 25 PER CENT. DISCOUNT On Air-Tight Heaters of All Kinds.

McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.



THE WHITE PASS COMPANY IN A NEW ROLE.

FLOODGATES OF HEAVEN

Are Still Open In Eastern and New England States Where Damage Exceeding One Hundred Million Dollars Has Already Been Wrought.

Special to the Daily Nugget.

New York, March 4.—Reports from the New England states and adjacent sections, as well as from down the Atlantic coast, indicate no diminution in the serious character of the floods. In northeastern Massachusetts and all along the Connecticut river the mills are closed and thousands of people are deprived of the means of livelihood. In Vermont bridges over the Winooski river at Montpelier are swept away, to replace which will require from \$25,000 to \$30,000. There are also heavy losses to the railways in that locality. Near Rochester all is flooded. At Genesee it has burst through the Lehigh Valley Railroad embankment, filling the streets of the city to a depth of four feet, necessitating the rescue of residents in boats. At Paterson, N.J., all the silk mills are closed and thousands of operatives are out of work. The East Jersey Water Company's new plant

is a total wreck, the loss represented being upwards of \$1,500,000. It is roughly estimated that the flood will occasion a loss equalling that by the recent fire and there is no insurance against loss by water. Trains on all railways into Albany are being run as they can without regard to schedules. The Hudson and Mohawk rivers are far above the usual high water mark and on the New York Central even the famous Montreal special and Empire State Express have been abandoned for the present. During the past 24 hours a total of 216 tons of water to the acre has fallen over the Hudson watershed. Near Utica the tracks are washed out in many places and it will be days before regular traffic is resumed. The Connecticut river is far above the highest previous mark at Bellows Falls. Happily there is no fatality as yet, although the financial damage will necessarily exceed one hundred million dollars.

In Control Arabia

Washington, March 4.—By cable it is learned that Abdul Aziz Ben Feysul, a descendant of old Wahbi Amcers, with an army of 2000 men, has captured the city of E'Raid, Central Arabia, having entered by stratagem at night with fifty followers who rode to the palace and killed the governor and thirty of his retainers, whereupon the garrison surrendered. The Wahbi dynasty is endeavoring to regain its supremacy and overthrow Iby Rashid, Ameer of Nijid, by capturing the latter's city. Many tribes are flocking to the banner of Abdul Aziz Ben.

PUBLIC SPANKING

Administered to Boys at Kearney

For Breaking Into Freight Cars and Stealing and Destroying Their Contents.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Kearney, N.J., March 4.—Two strong-handed policemen were masters of ceremony at a public spanking today administered to six youthful

delinquents from 10 to 12 years old who were before the police court for opening box cars and stealing and destroying their contents. Recorder Kribs sentenced them to "a good, hard spanking," and they got it.

Disease on Board

Special to the Daily Nugget. San Francisco, March 4.—The U. S. transport Meade put back to port, one case of small-pox and one of scarlet fever having developed.

MILITARY DISCIPLINE

Is Not Overlooked By Gen. Kitchener

Even Having Refractory Officers and Men Courtmartialled and Shot Down.

Special to the Daily Nugget. New York, March 4.—Reports have been cabled from South Africa, to the Tribune that Australian officers took matters in their own hands with Boers charged with firing on the wounded by trying them by court martial and shooting them.

London, March 4.—It is reported here that the Australians who took the law in their own hands and court martialled and shot Boers have themselves been court martialled and shot by Kitchener's orders.

President Retaliates

Special to the Daily Nugget. Washington, March 4.—In retaliation for the withdrawal of the invitation to him to present a sword of honor at Charleston, Roosevelt has decided not to visit that city. Senator Tillman has indignantly denied that he advised the president it would not be safe for him to do so.

Swimming Record

Special to the Daily Nugget. Boston, March 4.—Harry Lemoyne of Brooklyn made a new world's swimming record here last night when he swam 60 yards in 35 4-5 seconds.

KITCHENER'S LAST REPORT

Tells of Heavy Losses to British Troops

Who Lost 632 Men in Defending Empty Wagon Train—Admires Boer Tactics.

Special to the Daily Nugget. London, March 4.—Kitchener reports officially that the British lost 632 killed, wounded and prisoners in their defense of an empty wagon train. Commandant Limes was among the Boer killed. The enemy had a force of about 1200, while the British had 850. Boer tactics were admirable.

Sultans Troubles

Special to the Daily Nugget. Constantinople, March 4.—A formidable force of rebels besieged the seaport of Avionia, Turkey. Twenty-six Albanian towns have resolved to demonstrate their independence of the rule of the Turkish sultan by refusing to pay taxes. Anarchy prevails in the districts of Elbassan and Tirana, where insurgents have compelled a general jail delivery.

Disabled Steamer

Special to the Daily Nugget. New York, March 4.—The Cunard liner Etruria was picked up 500 miles west of Azores with a broken shaft by the British steamer William Giff. They should reach Azores tonight.

Missing Purser.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Seattle, March 4.—The mysterious disappearance of Purser Echols of the steamer Skagit Queen is causing much anxiety. Foul play is feared.

BUILDING WRECKED

In New York Yesterday by Explosion

Entire Front Blown Into Street—Woman and Two Men Fatally Hurt.

Special to the Daily Nugget. New York, March 3.—An explosion today wrecked the five story building at Canal street occupied by the Aste Press Co. Half of the Canal street front of the structure was blown into the street and the interior was instantaneously a mass of flames. Mrs. Kurranto received injuries which subsequently resulted fatally. H. W. Shilliard and Elwood Quimby jumped from a fifth story window and are probably fatally injured. Loss, \$75,000.

New Bill

Special to the Daily Nugget. Ottawa, March 4.—A government bill respecting telephones and telegraphs, which is to be laid before parliament this week, contains a clause that after two months notice, the government may assume possession of the property of any company.

No New Contract

Special to the Daily Nugget. Ottawa, March 4.—No new mail contract is contemplated for the present with the White Pass road. The Canadian Development Company has been permitted to transfer its contract to the railway company.

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER IS (DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER) ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY. GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. Yearly, in advance \$30.00 Per month by carrier in city in advance 3.00 Single copies 25

NOTICE. When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation."

LETTERS. And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Tuesday and Friday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run.

TUESDAY, MARCH 4, 1902.

\$50 Reward.

We will pay a reward of \$50 for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of any one stealing copies of the Daily or Semi-Weekly Nugget from business houses or private residences, where same have been left by our carriers.



AMUSEMENTS THIS WEEK.

Auditorium Theatre—"On the Rappahannock." New Savoy—Burlesque and Vaudeville.

THE LATEST MOVE.

The Nugget desires to draw particular attention today to the latest move on the part of the White Pass & Yukon Company. Failing in its effort to bluff the Dominion government into endorsing its prohibitive tariff sheets, the company is now endeavoring to play upon American feeling in order to enlist support from the other side of the line.

With this action of the Dominion government as the sole basis upon which they are working, the company has sought to create the impression in the United States that the Canadian government is asserting claim to jurisdiction over the strip of territory lying between Skagway and the summit of White Pass, where the provisional boundary line is located.

It appears to this paper, however, that some representations should be made to the American government setting forth the exact situation and defining the motives which must have actuated the White Pass Railroad Company in taking the extraordinary action credited to it in our telegraphic advices of yesterday.

It appears quite plain that no stone will be left unturned by the company in its endeavor to again fasten its prohibitive freight tariff upon this community. It has failed signally in securing the assistance of the Canadian government and now is looking to the United States for assistance. The Nugget believes that its efforts with the latter government will also fail if steps are taken to inform the proper authorities of the facts as they actually exist.

We are pleased to note the fact that the project of constructing an overland trail from Dawson to Selkirk has not been permitted to lapse. The necessity of such a road was never more clearly proven than by the unsatisfactory system of mail delivery which has prevailed for a large portion of the present winter and a repetition of the same thing may be confidently expected for several weeks after the breaking of the ice begins.

The Treadgold concession is only one of a number of grievances which should be presented before the government by Messrs. Sugrue and Wilson. Once local government is secured, all the ills to which the territory is heir will speedily be cured.

The city fathers have taken to the task of fashioning legislation as naturally as a duck takes to water. If every meeting of the council goes off with the ease and lack of friction which were apparent last night, the first administration of the newly-created municipality of Dawson will certainly be known in history as a successful one.

The failure of F. C. Wade to secure an appointment to the supreme bench of British Columbia will occasion very little regret in this community.

Caught By Fish Hook. Vancouver, B.C., Feb. 17.—Suspended on the cable of a steam winch with a large halibut hook through his hand, was the extremely painful position in which R. Thompson, a fisherman on board the halibut steamer Capilano, found himself when the vessel was at the fishing banks off the north end of Vancouver island.

Advertisement for Swell Shirts, New Cies and Collars, J. P. McLENNAN, 233 FRONT STREET.

THEATRES THIS WEEK

A Military Play at the Auditorium

Vaudeville and Farce Comedy Is the Attraction at the New Savoy.

Rarely if ever since the present stock company has been playing at the Auditorium has a first night performance gone better or with more dash or ginger than did the initial presentation of "On the Rappahannock" last night. There was not a wait, no dragging of uninteresting scenes, nor, strange to relate, was it necessary to prompt any of the characters in their lines.

"On the Rappahannock" is a melodrama with a prologue and in four acts, the plot of which is familiar to many theatre-goers under another name; in fact, the play may be said to be but an English adaptation of "Un Cause Celebre" with American trimmings and a local setting.

John Carter, a private in the federal army, on the battle field comes across a man wounded who turns out to be Henry Suratt, proscribed and fleeing for his life. He fears the wound he has received will prove fatal and confides to the care of Carter a quantity of valuable papers, jewels and a sum of money as a personal reward with the request that he forward the papers and jewels to his sister in France.

Between the prologue and the play proper there is an interval of 15 years. Marion, Carter's child, has, through the intercession of Sergeant O'Brien, of Carter's company, who alone knows her identity, been adopted by Col. Carroll, commanding officer of Carter's regiment, the man who passed sentence upon the supposed murderer, and who later becomes governor of Maryland.

nizes in him the face and voice of him whom she had seen and heard while in the delirium of a fever. The recognition is later made complete and the daughter convinced of her father's innocence makes it her task to secure the evidence to prove it.

In the meantime Wayne the real murderer had escaped to France, assumed the character of Henry Suratt. The real Suratt had a daughter which as a child was placed in a sister's convent in Baltimore, where she was reared and educated, becoming a bosom friend of Marion, Carter's daughter. The proscription being removed the impostor returns to America to claim his daughter and secure possession of valuable estates which had been confiscated during the war.

Ray Southard in the character of John Carter is proving a revelation to his friends, his work being what may be described in a word as being excellent.

Of Miss Lovell, who appears in the prologue as Carter's wife and later as Helen Suratt, nothing can be said but words of praise. Her death struggles after being stabbed by the murderer are wonderfully realistic and in the scenes with her supposed father after she has discovered what to her is ample proof of his guilt there is portrayed an intensity of dramatic power seen only in an artiste.

- John Carter.....Ray Southard Col. Lee Carroll.....Wm. Bittner Philip Wayne.....Harry Sedley Sergeant O'Brien.....Wm. Mullen Corporal Jones.....Harry Cummings Capt. Knott.....Fred Lewis Capt. Thompson.....R. E. Dundon Mary Carter, John's wife.....Miss Lovell Marion Carter, John's child.....Claire Wilson Mrs. Jones.....Miss Forrester Mrs. Brown.....Miss D'Avara Character in the Play (Note—Fifteen years are supposed to elapse between prologue and play.) John Carter, Federal prisoner condemned for life.....Ray Southard Henry Suratt, Returned from exile.....Harry Sedley Col. John Lee Carroll, Governor of Maryland.....W. W. Bittner Lieut. Geo. Whitney, in love with Marion.....Alf. T. Layne James O'Brien, servant in governor's house.....Wm. Mullen Capt. Jameson.....Fred C. Lewis Pete, Negro servant.....H. F. Cummings Marion, the governor's daughter.....Miss Howard Helen Suratt, Marion's school companion.....Miss Lovell Sister Josephine, directress of St. Mary at Baltimore.....Miss D'Avara

At the New Savoy vaudeville and farce comedy continue the attractions; the curtain raiser this week being a laughable skit in one act and five scenes entitled "The Country School" with the following cast: Prof. Inkpen.....John Mulligan Ellick Macgostem.....Dick Maurettus Patsy Killpuffcake.....Billy Evans Ruben Cox.....Chas. Brown Mrs. Cox.....Dorothy Campbell Nelly.....Cecil Marion Fanny.....Kate Rockwell Mamie.....Dollie Mitchell Bertie.....Olie Delmar Mulligan as the school teacher and his mischievous pupils create an hour's fun so ludicrous that the audience is kept in one continuous roar of laughter from the time the curtain goes up until the close of the last scene. In the olio which follows, Dorothy Campbell, a little lady with a very sweet sympathetic voice, first appears in a choice selection of ballads. John Mulligan, the Swedish magician follows in mystifying feats of necromancy and legerdemain made all the more entertaining by a strong vein of comedy introduced by the prestidigitateur. Kate Rockwell, on the

Thespian Hamlet.....Dick Maurettus Harold McGinty.....John Mulligan Arabella Jones.....Olie Delmar Change of Base. Mr. Geo. A. Hunter, formerly with the Ames Mercantile Co., is now with Sargeant & Pliska, and will be pleased to have his many friends call upon him at the latter place.

LOST.—From Dominion stage, about October 29, 1901, one Canvas Telescope, size 16 by 30 inches, marked "Knittle." Finder return to Or & Tukey Co., Dawson.

Shoff's Cough Balsam cures a once. Pioneer Drug Store.

ANGLO-AMERICAN COMMERCIAL COMPANY. Standard Cigars and Tobacco, Wholesale and Retail at Right Prices. BANK BUILDING, King Street.

THE AUDITORIUM. ALL THIS WEEK, ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK. BITTNER STOCK COMPANY. Week Commencing Monday, March 4.

NEW SAVOY. A Country School. Together with a large Olio, introducing all the old time Favorites, Dawson's only first-class vaudeville show.

Pacific Packing and Navigation Co. FOR ALL POINTS IN Western Alaska Steamer Newport. OFFICES SEATTLE Cor. First Ave. and Yeater Way. SAN FRANCISCO No. 30 California Street.

Alaska Steamship Co. Operating the Steamers. "Dolphin"—"Farallon"—"Dirigo" For All Points in Southeastern Alaska.

Burlington Route. No matter what eastern point you may be destined, your ticket should read Via the Burlington. PUGET SOUND AGENT M. P. BENTON, 103 Pioneer Square, SEATTLE, WASH.

By Using Long Distance Telephone. You are put in immediate communication with Eldorado, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run or Sulphur Creek. By Subscribing for a Telephone In Town. You can have at your ends over 200 speaking men.

Lost I. On a certain day there was a great... many men... man, though... him, lost more... before the even... developed the... James S... Light I... town, was s... reconnaissance... himself in... did not for... worth their v... But... knowledge of h... ability and bo... broke Jim... the enemy t... might... Had he r... might not have... he could not... was in his... he did not h... over inside h... situation turn... common se... as an older... a level voice... said they m... which could v... the stake; t... later, in h... instead he... owned se... mainly for ord... and a har... private... surrounded by... strength. He... number of thin... work-worked fr... accurately... which seeme... stood... body is swampl... speered too... particular sequ... of any giv... — over... and blit... So he fou... which s... of a... to clear hi... the shank... was all going... no control o... hands, he w... and—this... every... roving rein o... and a pa... hundreds of y... devoid of... one spoke... "For G... — as... of adjectived... any n... overlooked;... promptly a... santly anot... but for ob... prominent S... mental beyo... operations, at... witnessed... hough his field... re-adjusted... He was the... also t... turn the... An... the call o... to kil... and him... not given... was in due... hospital, e... days p... only... he had s... time... touch... to see his... Married... waiting... into... dropped the... read. T... and said... Jimmy... of words... made for... them... on the... his lod... on, intere... of them... a girl... iron in... packed be... file in... for not ha... has w... of the sum... for the... now the... real... in... of his... and... through

# Cost More Than His Life

On a certain day in the year 1900 there was a great and fierce battle in which many men lost their lives and many more were wounded.

Among the events of that day had been the death of a young man, Lieutenant James Smith, of the First Midland Light Infantry, fresh from the front.

Then came telegrams, anxious and congratulatory, from his people, and three swift words from the girl—yes, she telegraphed—and Jimmy exhausted himself anew in reassuring answers which wrung his soul to write.

He could so well guess the sort of thing that had got into the papers, written by some zealous scribe who had only seen half there was to see; the other half, which had to be explained later to his people and to the girl, spread itself out panorama-wise before him.

He could see it and hear it all, to the smallest detail of the hole torn in his handkerchief by the button shank, and some minor but picturesque terms employed by the sergeant in issuing orders. In fact, the panorama became a fixture at the foot of his bed, so the doctor, with some grasp of the situation, pronounced him convalescent.

Then he was ordered to proceed home in a trooper, in charge of a draft of sick and wounded, and for twenty-one days he speculated continually on the end; how it would come, what shape it would take, and its general relation to and possible effect upon his family.

The girl had a separate torture chamber of her own. There was no one at all to comfort her on board. The others were full of exultation, and one of them was recommended for a V. C. Their talk was largely of bullets and things that hurt Jimmy to hear of, so he brooded by himself, pretending his wound bothered him; so it did, but not the one reported in the casualty list.

On the twenty-second day out the trooper lay at Southampton quay, and Jimmy's father and his younger brother, Frank, from Sandhurst, were there to receive him. The home was in Hampshire, within a drive of Southampton, and the girl was there waiting with palpitating pulses. Jimmy's white face, the strained line of his mouth, and peculiar look in his eyes would have told his mother or the girl in less time than it takes to think it that there was something wrong; but his father merely wrung his hand, told him he was proud of him, clapped him on the shoulder and blew his own nose loudly.

Then he took another look at his boy and remarked as an afterthought—"that wound must have pulled him down a bit. 'A little country air and your mother's cossetting, eh? That's what you want.'" Jimmy groaned aloud and said it was a twinge in the leg. Then he heard a voice, "Lieutenant James Smith? Yes, on your right," and a moment later a saluting orderly handed him an envelope. Jimmy returned the salute and took it. It had come. He made an excuse of having forgotten something and went to his cabin. He could not open his death warrant in public. What was the use of opening it at all? He knew the very shameful wording—shameful to receive, not to write. There was no hope in his heart, not the tiniest glimmer, yet the shock was none the less keen when he read the curt merciless sentence—such a few words—merely that Her Majesty had no further need of the services of Lieutenant James Smith, therefore he was removed from the army.

He crushed the paper into a ball, pitched it through the porthole and laughed. Then he pulled himself together and went back to his father and brother, any subsequent poverty of speech being made chargeable to his lowered physical condition. Yet how cheerfully would his body have borne the equivalent of his mental ills had the exchange been possible. He had, as it were, no pivot to work from. His family, in ignorance not at all blissful, was according him hero's praise, and it was for him to tear the glory from himself, exposing to their stricken sight the craven truth. The bare notification of his dismissal from the service thrust into his father's hand would have been the cruellest and quickest method, but the paper had gone through the porthole; there was no help outside himself.

What were they talking about? Fireworks! Tenants' dinner! "And you'll jolly well have to make a speech and tell them all about it!" Yes, he would tell them all about it—not the tenants. He stopped his brother desperately. "Oh, shut up!" he cried. Then he told them in quick, gasping sentences, and I think his expiation must have nearly run its course. The carriage was not more than a mile from the house. Frank, with a foresight quickened by his pride, jumped out and dashed ahead. If there were any villagers lurking about contrary to orders, they had to go—that's all. There were only a few; he sent them unceremoniously to the right about, clearing the road for—the hero's return. Then with a short sob in his throat he plunged down a green alley in the woods. Jimmy sat with a white, fixed face staring at his father and waiting—waiting for the sting of wrath. There was nothing to wait for. In his tense condition Jimmy bitterly resented the absence of criticism. For his part, his father felt there was nothing to say. The boy had lost his head at the critical moment in his life, and had possibly suffered disproportionately since; that was the inner side, the outer side had further-reaching issues, which would better bear thinking of on the morrow. For the present there was silence or the useless bewailing over spilt milk to choose between; also there was the boy's own anguish of spirit to allay, and that after all was the most important point at the moment. Again, as a man sows he reaps. Jimmy was his father's son, but the compassionate silence left him dissatisfied; the bitterness of Frank's young scorn would have been more to his liking.

He faced his women somehow, suffering their caresses and their exclamations. When the mists cleared from before their eyes and they saw the boy's face sharp in the high light they guessed a little of the price paid though too full of anxiety for their loved one to inquire even in their own hearts of the sale effected. He never knew how, but his father had a hand in it; he found himself alone with the girl, and she had tight hold of his hands.

"What is it, Jimmy?" she asked; "you're not ill—not worse than you said?" "No," he said, "no, I'm all right." Then he began the melancholy recital all over again from the beginning. It seemed to him that the rest of his life was to be spent in endless reiteration of the hateful words. "And so," he drenched, "I funk'd it—funk'd it badly. I yelled at the top of my voice that I would surrender, and I tried to get my handkerchief out to show them I meant it. The men were cursing me horribly; then one of them tripped me up and sat on my head, while the sergeant took command and ordered them to fix bayonets. They let me go after that and I got a bullet in my leg." He stopped and tried to draw his hands away; but she held them firmly, so he went on to the end. "Then they sent me home on a trooper, and I got my dismissal from the service when I landed. Her Majesty has no further need of me. Now, perhaps, you had better let my hands go."

She was possibly a shade less radiant than a quarter of an hour earlier, but the expression in her eyes was unaltered, and she did not let his hands go. "Why should I?" she asked. He laughed and her grip tightened. "Well," he said, "no one would exactly expect you to marry me now. Of course I release you from our engagement, and I'm only sorry that—that I haven't even the right to apologize." He removed his hands gently and turned to go.

ing, the knowledge that he was an officer and a gentleman. Could a man have such recollections and live? A man—well, no, perhaps not. But he, Lieutenant James Smith, of the First Midland Light Infantry, had other qualifications. The bullet which broke the spell of fear laid upon him never hit so hard as the calmest of his thoughts those days.

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ing, the knowledge that he was an officer and a gentleman. Could a man have such recollections and live? A man—well, no, perhaps not. But he, Lieutenant James Smith, of the First Midland Light Infantry, had other qualifications. The bullet which broke the spell of fear laid upon him never hit so hard as the calmest of his thoughts those days.

Then came telegrams, anxious and congratulatory, from his people, and three swift words from the girl—yes, she telegraphed—and Jimmy exhausted himself anew in reassuring answers which wrung his soul to write. He could so well guess the sort of thing that had got into the papers, written by some zealous scribe who had only seen half there was to see; the other half, which had to be explained later to his people and to the girl, spread itself out panorama-wise before him.

He could see it and hear it all, to the smallest detail of the hole torn in his handkerchief by the button shank, and some minor but picturesque terms employed by the sergeant in issuing orders. In fact, the panorama became a fixture at the foot of his bed, so the doctor, with some grasp of the situation, pronounced him convalescent. Then he was ordered to proceed home in a trooper, in charge of a draft of sick and wounded, and for twenty-one days he speculated continually on the end; how it would come, what shape it would take, and its general relation to and possible effect upon his family.

The girl had a separate torture chamber of her own. There was no one at all to comfort her on board. The others were full of exultation, and one of them was recommended for a V. C. Their talk was largely of bullets and things that hurt Jimmy to hear of, so he brooded by himself, pretending his wound bothered him; so it did, but not the one reported in the casualty list.

On the twenty-second day out the trooper lay at Southampton quay, and Jimmy's father and his younger brother, Frank, from Sandhurst, were there to receive him. The home was in Hampshire, within a drive of Southampton, and the girl was there waiting with palpitating pulses. Jimmy's white face, the strained line of his mouth, and peculiar look in his eyes would have told his mother or the girl in less time than it takes to think it that there was something wrong; but his father merely wrung his hand, told him he was proud of him, clapped him on the shoulder and blew his own nose loudly.

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# WITH THE CURLERS

## Hingston and Moncrief Lead the Score

## Bonspiel Will Last Another Two Weeks and a Half Before It Is Finished.

Interest in the bonspiel of the Curling Club continues to increase and every evening quite a crowd gathers at the rink to watch the stones go spinning over the ice from one end of the long N. C. warehouse to the other. What adds zest to the play is the trophy, a silver cup, put up last year as a prize by the New York Life Insurance Company. The following is the result of the play last week:

Monday.	
Norquay	12
Young	6
Hingston	11
Crisp	10
Tuesday.	
Moncrief	16
Richardson	8
Wednesday.	
McKinnon	15
Stewart	8
Bruce	11
De Gex	10
Noble	12
Macfarlane	11
Thursday.	
Richardson	11
McKinnon	9
Moncrief	13
Stewart	7
Friday.	
Norquay	16
Bruce	9
Crisp	16
Noble	13
Saturday.	
De Gex won by default from Young.	
Hingston	12
Macfarlane	9

The rinks of Hingston and Moncrief lead in the score with two weeks and a half of play yet to come. The standing of the various rinks comprised in the club to Saturday evening is as follows:

De Gex	1
Crisp	2
Norquay	3
Macfarlane	1
McKinnon	1
Noble	2
Bruce	3
Moncrief	4
Richardson	3
Hingston	4
Young	0
Stewart	0

## Charged With Fraud

San Francisco, Feb. 17.—C. R. Mains, an attorney, was arrested by the United States marshal today and charged with having used the United States mails for fraudulent purposes. At his own request he was taken before Commissioner Heacock immediately, and his hearing set for Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, with bail at \$1,500.

It is alleged that Mains has been representing himself as the Western representative and attorney of the American and European Fuel, Mining and Transportation Syndicate, and also a representative of the American and London Safety Deposit, Surety and Investment Company. "The combined capital" of these syndicates in the pamphlets and on the letter heads used by Mains is placed at "\$4,000,000." Mains sent literature relative to the plans of the Fuel syndicate broadcast throughout the United States. Among those who answered him was a Dr. Charles E. Bennett, of Wauson, O. While the doctor evidently thought well of the scheme, he had the discretion to inquire of the postal authorities what the standing of Mains might be. Investigation revealed Mains' record and his arrest followed. Mains also informed Bennett that he had \$25,000,000 of bond-secured paper to dispose of, and \$1,300,000 subject to his order here in San Francisco.

W. Scott Gifford is represented in the prospectus as the "actuary" of the company. A warrant has been issued for his arrest.

Mains is said to be an eastern lawyer, admitted to practice at Battle Creek, Mich.

Detroit, Mich., Feb. 17.—C. R. Mains, who was arrested today at San Francisco by the United States marshal, was the central figure in a sensation which stirred the whole state about two years ago. Mains at that time was one of the most prominent lawyers in Battle Creek, Mich., and was arrested on a charge of conspiracy to kill.

This conspiracy, it was alleged at the time, was against the life of S. F. Hurlbut, an attorney of that place, who had brought charges of perjury against Mains. It was alleged that Mains hired a man by the name of "Mollie" Maguire to sandbag Hurlbut and bring him, in an insensible condition, to a place where Mains was waiting, and where he expected to revive Hurlbut and by threats of death compel him to sign a statement exonerating Mains from the charge of perjury. "Mollie" Maguire was arrested and confessed the part he was to have taken in the alleged conspiracy. Mains was acquitted of the conspiracy charge, but afterwards was disbarred by the Michigan supreme court.

## Killed by Falling Tree.

Sumas, Feb. 17.—News of an accident in which a well known young man of Welcome, Whatcom county, was instantly killed has just been received here. The family of Peter Solene, a rancher, living near the Nooksack river at Welcome, retired to rest Saturday evening, with Mrs. Solene and her four little girls occupying their newly erected cottage, the father being away at Whatcom, while William, the 23-year-old son, and a young friend, Elmer Kinney, went to bed in the old cabin which formerly sheltered the entire family.

About 9 o'clock a terrific storm of wind and rain swept down the river,

leveling trees right and left. Young Kinney had thrown himself upon the bed in one corner and was looking at a book, while Solene was preparing to retire. The crack of an immense dead tree near at hand startled the boys, and young Solene sprang to the door, while Kinney involuntarily drew up his legs and crouched at the head of the bed. The trunk of the tree descended squarely upon the eaves, crushing it like an eggshell, and pinning the body of young Solene under its immense weight. He was instantly killed, no cry escaping him.

Elmer Kinney was unhurt. His escape was miraculous. A view of the shattered cabin barely reveals a sufficient space for his body beside the huge tree. William was a member of the Woodmen of the World, carrying \$1,000 insurance in that order. His funeral took place today.

## International Chess Tournament.

Monte Carlo, Feb. 17.—In the chess tournament this morning the winners were Marco from Reggio; Albin from Eisenburg, and Pillsbury from Napier.

In the afternoon the winners were Gunsberg from Mortimer; Tarrasch from Popiel; Mason from Miessa; Wolf from Tschigorin; Marocsy from Marshall, and Teichmann from Scheve.

The finest of office stationery may be secured at the Nugget printery at reasonable prices

**The Northwestern Line**

Is the Short Line to Chicago And All Eastern Points.

All through trains from the North Pacific Coast connect with this line in the Union Depot at St. Paul.

Travelers from the North are invited to communicate with—

**F. W. Parker, Gen'l Agent, Seattle, Wn.**

**The Great Northern "FLYER"**

LEAVES SEATTLE FOR ST. PAUL EVERY DAY AT 8:00 P. M.

A Solid Vestibule Train With All Modern Equipments.

For further particulars and folders address the GENERAL OFFICE - SEATTLE, WASH.

**\$3.00 Will Do It!**

Keep posted on local and foreign events. You can do this by subscribing for the

**DAILY NUGGET**

The Nugget has the best telegraph service and the most complete local news gathering system of any Dawson paper, and will be delivered to any address in the city for

**\$3.00 Per Month!**

Dick Maureston  
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Monday, March 3

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devil show.

Successors to  
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THIRD, BEAN & S. STORE

# Return of the Prodigal

The air was growing chill in the early twilight when Mary Hamerton opened the little garden gate and went swiftly down the path to her father's house. How familiar everything looked. How few changes fifteen years had wrought. No doubt the greatest change was to confront her within the old home. She slipped through the unlocked doorway into the kitchen. There was a young woman there, a young woman who looked up with startled eyes when Mary entered. But Mary explained her presence in a few words, and the young woman, whose heart was tender, listened with a suspicion of tears in her eyes and gladly seconded her suggestions.

And Mary learned that the young woman was the daughter of a neighboring farmer, who had come over to care for Gilbert Blair and his home. No, the old man was not, as Mary had feared, in failing health. He was feeble, it was true, and kept to his chair and his reading more, but he was not ill. Yes, he was in the sitting room now in the old rocker by the fireplace. The young woman had just fixed the lamp for him and he had taken up his book. Would Mary go to him now? No, Mary would wait a little.

As she looked about the familiar room memories rushed upon her that filled her eyes with tears. The gentle mother who had passed away when she needed a mother most; the aunt whose rigid rule had embittered the child's life; the father, whose iron will had found in her a will fully as strong, and whose harsh words had driven her from his door and into the great world beyond. Perhaps she had been wrong to brave him as she did, but her soul rebelled against the narrow limits of her life in the dull little hamlet, she wanted knowledge, she wanted society. There had been a wordy strife, and she had gone forth.

Later on, when she had established herself in the city by the lake, and the cruel days of the early struggle seemed passed, she had written to him, but he had not answered. She wrote again. Her letter was returned. He was very hard and very unforgiving. Occasionally she heard of him in indirect ways. Once she met a man from the neighborhood and he told her that her father never spoke of her, and never permitted her name to be mentioned in his hearing. And so the years passed, fifteen of them and then a great longing to see her father came to her. It came to her after the death of her child. And so she was here.

Mary put a huge apron over her traveling dress and went to work. She had not forgotten her cunning. The abiding places of the dishes came back to her. The recipes of long ago were swiftly recalled. The young woman watched her quick movements with fascinated eyes. Mary wanted to prepare the evening meal alone and she had her way.

Presently she glanced a little anxiously at the clock. Then she smoothed down her apron and went forward to the sitting room door. The old man did not hear her approach. She looked at him a moment before she spoke. No, he was not greatly changed. Grayer and thinner, that was all.

"Father," she said. He looked around.

"Why, it's Mary," he said, "I was just dreaming of you. I had fallen asleep. So you have come back?"

Mary did not move from the doorway.

"Yes," she said. "I have come back." A whimsical smile fluttered across her face.

"Do you want wheat cakes for supper tonight, father?"

The old man started a little. Then he nodded and turned and looked closer at his prodigal daughter. But she did not wait for him to speak.

"Very well," she said, and vanished.

She laughed as she came back to the kitchen. There was a suspicion of sadness in her merriment, but she nodded as if satisfied with her reception.

"It is the right way," she said. She was busy with her cakes when a slight noise in the doorway drew her attention. She turned and saw her father looking at her.

"I dreamed just now that you came to me and said you had come back," he cried in a querulous tone.

"Yes, I have come back," returned Mary, as she bent again over her cakes.

"It's really you, Mary, is it?"

"Yes."

Muttering softly to himself the old man turned from the doorway and sought his accustomed place by the fireside.

As he seated himself a smile crept over his features. It was a smile of triumph.

When Mary had the meal quite

to follow me in an hour. He will soon be here."

The old man clutched the arm of his chair and stared at his child. The scales were dropping from his eyes. The blindness of prejudice was gone. He saw that she was a beautiful woman, straight and supple of figure, clear of eye, with dignity and character expressed by every movement. A warm wave surged across his old heart.

And as he caught her glance a tender smile overspread her face.

The old man dropped his gaze. His hands trembled.

"Mary," he murmured, "it was a wicked dream—a wicked dream!"

She was on her knees by his side in a flash, with a loving hand caressing his gray locks.

"Yes, my father," she softly said, "it was a wicked dream, and like all wicked dreams the sooner we can forget it the better. But, father dear, let us have the prodigal's kiss of forgiveness."

"Mary!" the old man brokenly murmured.

"There!" she cried as she arose. "And now for the supper—that I haven't forgotten the lessons I learned in those early years. Hark! there is Philip! I hear his footstep on the gravelled walk."

The old man arose as she turned and hurried to the door. There were tears in his eyes.

"Mary has come back," he murmured very softly.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Shady Advertisements

Complaints are heard at times of indecent or at least objectionable advertisements in Canadian newspapers. The evil here, however, is slight compared to its gigantic proportions in Berlin, Germany. The correspondent of a London paper goes fully into the subject.

An examination of the advertisement columns of some of the leading Berlin newspapers (he says) proves that these journals are either extremely careless regarding the notices they accept, or that their proprietors for mere gain permit whole columns of advertisements to appear which no self-respecting British newspaper would think of publishing. Some of these advertisements may be innocent and perfectly legitimate, but I hope I do not pass too harsh a judgment

when I maintain that the majority of them are inserted by persons who are engaged in nefarious practices which decent men and women cannot countenance.

In one largely-circulated newspaper, a journal which is widely read in the families of the lower and middle classes, the Sunday edition usually contains four or five columns of the most nauseous advertisements conceivable. These advertisements are widely read by young and old alike, and their influence must be pernicious in the extreme. Women, evidently persons of dubious character, advertise, for example, that they can secretly take charge of a child; that they can give advice and assistance which is both cheap and secret; that they send no reports home to the parents of girls seeking their assistance. Such notices appear by the score, and anyone reading between the lines knows what a world of iniquity lies hidden behind them. Among these women were the friends of Sternberg and other monsters of his class.

More numerous still are the advertisements inserted by the masseuses and manicure women. The police watch these advertisements and endeavor as much as possible to mitigate the offensive nuisance, but with only indifferent success. Women and girls who take up this occupation are in too many cases the refuse of the city. In their notices they call themselves Madame So-and-So, and Mademoiselle So-and-So, adding mellifluous French names, Seraph, Leon-tine, Blanche, Cora, Lili, and the rest, with the object, apparently, of giving their clients the notion that there is something exceptionally attractive about their operations.

The number of advertisements euphoniouly described as "Matrimonial" is also indicative of a very grave state of affairs. No one believes that the majority of these notices are genuine. The law demands that in advertisements of this class the words "with a view to matrimony" must appear, and in order to avoid the attentions of the police the newspaper offices insist on the insertion of this masking clause. So general, however, is the belief in the malafides of the majority of the advertisers, that in not a few cases we find the words "seriously intended," or "genuine," or "strictly genuine," added, presumably as a warning to adventurers of either sex. These matrimonial advertisements are sprinkled

up and down the columns of even the more respectable journals, and one is amazed that it does not occur to the leaders of newspapers like The Vossische Zeitung to close their columns once and for all to such pestilent stuff. The leading Radical newspaper with its great wealth, its undoubted influence, its high tone, should be above accepting the suspicious notices of "Rich young ladies," "Rich Israelites," "Ladies with good hearts," "Educated ladies with good figures," "Imposing widows who are amiable and 35 years old," "Dear and tender girls of 25 with pleasant appearance," "Educated Evangelical gentleman with 20,000 marks income," and a score of others.

Other journals tell their readers of a "Dressmaker with an elegant figure," of a "Domesticated young lady of good family and well looking," of a beautiful lady, educated, who wishes to correspond with a gentleman "with a view to matrimony," of two sisters, good looking, with fine figures, who would like to make the acquaintance of two gentlemen, "with a view," etc., of a "successful journalist" who is looking out for a lady with "lofty ideas on art," of a "Jewish lady," "pretty and coquettish," whose relatives want for her a well-to-do widower. It is added that the Jewess has a beautiful and rich trousseau. Finally, there is a gentleman of "highest mental culture," and "most ideal in his views," who wants to correspond with a lady with the intention of marrying her later.

Another class of advertisements is concerned with widowers and gentlemen of mature years who require housekeepers, and with housekeepers of goodly presence, musical, and who speak French, who are on the lookout for widowers and gentlemen of mature years. Were such advertisements to appear in obscure journals read only by the class of people who insert them, it would perhaps not so much matter, but they occupy prominent places in newspapers with the very highest pretensions.

The advertisements of quacks I will pass over. One cannot touch this subject very well. Besides, on this point the Berlin police have brought about a better state of affairs than existed some years ago. But what are we to say to the journal which inserts advertisements from dealers in books that are quite obviously immoral? One of these is headed

**Pacific Coast Steamship Co.**

Affords a Complete Coastwise service, Covering

**Alaska, Washington, California, Oregon and Mexico.**

Our boats are manned by the most skillful navigators. Exceptional Service to the Coast.

All Steamers Carry Both Freight and Passengers.

**TRAVELERS TO KOYUK**

TAKE NOTICE

That the N. A. T. & T. Co. at Fort Yukon has a stock of goods for outfitting at reasonable prices. In shortages arising will be ported to their Circle City station.

## INVEST BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE

Lone Star Stock Is the Best Investment Ever Offered to the Public.

We claim we have the mother lode. Can you deny these facts. The mines are situated at the head of the two richest creeks on earth—Eldorado and Bonanza. Gold is found on every claim on Bonanza creek, and up Victoria Gulch to the quartz mines. If it did not come from this ledge, where did it come from?

The gold found in the creek is the same as that found in the ledge.

The gold is found in slide matter on Seven pup. Where did it come from?

The best pay found in Gay Gulch is at the head of the gulch, below the quartz mines. There are eight gulches heading at the Lone Star mines. They all carry gold. Where did it come from?

Lone Star stock is the best investment ever offered to the public. Buy now. The books will soon be closed and you will be too late. Don't let the man who knows it all tell you that there is no quartz in this country. The fools who make that statement have no bank account, which is the proof of their wisdom.

Every placer camp in the world turned into a quartz camp.

Cripple Creek was a placer camp. The men who knew it all were there. They made the same statement. A carpenter found the quartz after the wise men had left.

Have you ever visited the Lone Star mines? If not, you have no right to even think. Go up and satisfy yourself. Yours for business and a quartz camp, LEW CRADEN.

## LONE STAR MINING AND MILLING CO.

LEW CRADEN, Acting Manager.

# Stroller's Column.

Stroller's Heart to Heart talks in a manner that was the surprise and admiration of all the miners of the diggings thereabouts.

"And now," continued the young woman, as the Stroller assumed a half convinced look, "just to show you that other women sometimes envy dancehall girls, I will read you a letter I received by the last mail from a married woman who was my room-mate for two years at Mills' Seminary." And producing a voluminous letter from the pocket where she carried her percentage checks, she read as follows:

"My dear —

"Talk about a flower being born to blush unseen and waste its sweetness on the desert air, I am it.

"When we left the seminary we little knew what the future had in store for us. Two years later and after we both had failed as actresses even to tomale joints, and you decided to go to the Klondike, you remember I declined to go with you because Jack



SHE READ FROM A BOOK OF STATISTICS.

and I were engaged. How I wish I had broken off the engagement and gone with you. We were married early in '98 and here I am anchored at home day and night by two squalling kids, both lusty-lunged boys. Talk about a sweet-scented layout, I have it. I do my own work and Jack has developed into a perfect bear. He wears flannel shirts, shaves only once in two weeks, and stays out every night till after 12 o'clock, while I am at home pouring paregoric first into Junius Brutus Booth and then into Richard Mansfield Bittner. Being wife

of a small book from the pocket of my dress, she turned to page 14 and read:

"The woman in Butte that Miss formerly known as 'Six-foot Sal,' who for 25 years could longer and kick higher than woman in Montana, is now the best woman in the state, her success being found in doing good others. She is a devout class member, president of seventeen charitable and temperance societies, never takes a drop and is beloved by all. Sarah is all that is embodied in expression: an exemplary woman."

"said the Stroller, "do you think it is ever possible for a girl to be frequented dancehalls for dancing with every Tom and Dick who comes along, to again have her head in what the world, perhaps, calls good society?"

"page 20 of her book of statistics the young woman read: 'From 1885 to 1890 every German mile of Fargo, North Dakota, was led by Judge — and the judge having met his wife for the first time when she was before him in court on the charge of robbing a Black Hills mine in a dancehall where she was engaged on account of her light-colored proclivities than for her and swan-like curves in the street. Mrs. Judge — still wears all the fashions in a large country, her reception at home days are invariably attended with the elite of the city. She is a loving wife and mother."

"THE DUTIES OF A WIFE AND MOTHER ARE NO CAKE-WALK."

and mother, my dear — is no cake walk.

"When you write, tell me all about your rice dresses. You might send me one of your old ones.

"Yours, half the time in the wash tub and always in grief.

"KATE."

"Now," said the Stroller's companion, "you see dance hall girls are not such objects for commiseration and pity as some folks believe. By the way, you have monopolized my time for thirty minutes in this conversation, causing me to miss no less than five dances on which my percentage would have been \$2, so

please remit." The Stroller remitted and as he wandered out into the night air he thus soliloquized:

"All flesh is grass, but few go to a butcher shop for baled hay."

The following alleged poetry was forwarded to the Stroller from San Francisco, and as it refers to a Dawson affair he will publish it "as she lays." If the writer escapes being sandbagged in Frisco, the Stroller hopes he will get his "needins" when he reaches Seattle on his way to Dawson. The effusion, of rather confusion, is as follows:

I'd been to Monte Carlo, and watched the girls in dance, I'd tried my luck at faro, to win I had no chance. So I sauntered up the chilly street to Sanis, my luck to try. Oregon Jeff I chanced to meet, who said "Look me in the eye."

"'Twill surely be a great big play," so said the Oregon Jew, "I haven't got a check today, stake me to play for you." Just then came Handsome Goldie and pushed the squeaky door, Harry Woolrich followed slowly, and half a dozen more.

Ward and Jim were off that shift, the night was very cold, The up-creek boys had quit the drift and all were spending gold; Cherokee Bob was on a drunk and couldn't deal the bank, Behind the bar the silent monk dealt but never drank.

Around the table all the boys played their checks and pokes, They had their share of woes and joys but the losers cracked no jokes; Then it was come, that big deal you've heard so much about, No man had a slicker pile than Sam when the deal was out.

The soda was the king of spades, Woolrich bet a stack; Jeff followed with his black old spades, Sam Turner on the Jack, Each man played the limit with a determined vim, But he either wasn't in it or he'd take Sam's bank roll in.

Holden copped on the duce, the bets were very high, Oregon Jeff got double shot and said "Look me in the eye." And so the fortunes varied until the cases came, Some had even tarried for the last turn of the game.

The rubbers! how they stretched their necks and pushed and swayed about, Some climbed upon the others' backs and some were crowded out; Fish, I think it was, led off with fifty on the six, "If these cards double out," he smiled, "I'll have him in a fix."

All now copped on the ace a thousand bucks or more, The queen she showed her smiling face



and the play went on the four, A thousand dollars to a card was what the gang put down, The six had won, the play was hard, Sam paid without a frown.

The next turn was a wonder, Harry got a "hunch," Or else Sam made a blunder and somewhere left a bunch, For up jumped Harry Woolrich with a wondrous flow of gall: "The play is getting pretty rich, what'll you pay me on a call?"

Sam looked up at the cases, smiled he never a smile.

"These are pretty hot passes, twenty to one for a while, "Ace to lose and four to win," and a blue stack placed he there, "What in the world's come over him?" said the others with a stare.

Harry's only answer was, "It sure looks good to me," And there was hardly time to pause till the callers numbered three, Goldie followed Harry and Holden got there too, But the dealer copped off many of those colored checks of blue.

The silence was intense as Sam the cards withdrew, The ace of hearts loomed up immense and the four of spades wins too, And thus the play went on in that big deal you know, The game took place in Dawson, the mercury sixty below.

The last turn came, the cases wrong, the boys cashed in quite bold, For they were thirty thousand strong of Sam's Bonanza gold, Then Sam first spoke across the board as calm as an old buck fox, "Tomorrow night come in, my boys, I'll be behind the box."

## HAD BUSY VACATION

### Barrister A. G. Smith Returns

#### Two Important Cases Before the Court of Appeals Took Most of His Time.

Mr. Arthur G. Smith, of the well-known legal firm of Smith & Macrae, returned Sunday evening from a trip outside lasting several months. Unlike many of the other members of the fraternity who have enjoyed their vacation this winter in a less vigorous clime, Mr. Smith's excursion to the coast was one almost wholly of business. Two very large cases in which his firm was interested came up before the British Columbia court of appeals sitting at Victoria, both of which required his presence. The cases were first set for trial in November, then adjourned to January, with the result that Mr. Smith did not once get away from the coast. The cases referred to were those of Wilson vs. the C. D. Co., in which judgment was rendered in the territorial court in the sum of nearly \$30,000 and later appealed by the defendant, and D'Avignon vs. Jones, the famous 13 Gold Run case heard before Mr. Justice Craig last summer. In both cases judgment by the court of appeals was reversed and will be handed down at the next sittings of the court. The hearing of the two cases occupied nearly a fortnight.

"I enjoyed myself very well while outside," said Mr. Smith, "considering that I was more or less busy all the time. One thing I observed, the people on the coast no longer regard Dawson as a boom town, but consider it permanent, a fixture here to stay. As to the future, the great problem seems to be cheaper transportation which, when secured, will permit of working cheaper ground. No, I know nothing of the Treadgold concession or how it is regarded outside. The order-in-council which has caused so much consideration here I did not hear of until I was well on my way inside.

"The trip down the river was very pleasant and I notice a vast improvement in the road houses this year over last when those at which the mail stages stopped were operated by the C. D. Co."

Mr. Smith's face bears the usual fuddy tinge common to those who make the long trip over the ice.

**Is an Anarchist.**

Tacoma, Feb. 17.—The police today arrested Joe Baker, a troublesome anarchist, who has been giving residents of Tacoma much annoyance. Baker peddles anarchistic literature from house to house, and when people refuse to buy his questionable reading matter he becomes abusive, and numerous complaints reach the central station from indignant householders. The man was arrested a few days ago, but was released with a warning from Judge Griffin. Failing to take heed to the injunction given, he made trouble again today and was promptly arrested. On the way to the police station Baker threw a bundle of his literature out of the patrol wagon, and when Sergt. McCoy, who was in charge of the wagon,

jumped to the ground after it, Baker leaped from the wagon and started racing down the street with Sergt. McCoy and the patrol wagon in hot pursuit. The man ran like a deer, and would probably have escaped had he not run square into the arms of a plumber, who collared and held him until the police arrived and handcuffed him. Baker claims to be an "altruistic anarchist," or "philosophical communist." He is a butcher by trade, but lost his job at Rockford, Wash., at the time of the agitation against anarchy at McKinley's death. The police are in somewhat of a quandary, not knowing what to do with him. When brought into the police station Baker tragically held out his hands, bearing the handcuffs, and shouted, "There is coming a day when these will be relegated to the museums."

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store. All kinds of game at Bonanza Market, next Post Office.

## Regina Hotel...

J. W. Wilson, Prop. and Mgr.

Dawson's Leading Hotel

American and European Plan. Cuisine Unexcelled. Newly Refitted Throughout—All Modern Improvements. Rooms and board by the day, week or month.

2nd Ave. and York St. Dawson

**HICKS & THOMPSON..**  
PROPRIETORS

**FLANNERY HOTEL**  
First Class Accommodations

Warm, Comfortable and Finely Furnished Rooms. Wholesome, Well Cooked Meals.

BOARD BY DAY OR MONTH.

Hicks & Thompson STAGE LINE  
HUNKER AND DOMINION  
Freighting to All Creeks.

**WINTER TIME TABLE—STAGE LINE.**  
**THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd.**

Going into effect Nov. 11, 1901—Week Days Only.

FOR GOLD RUN AND CARIBOU via Carmack's and home 9 a. m.

FOR GRAND FORKS 9 a. m. 1 p. m. and 3 p. m.

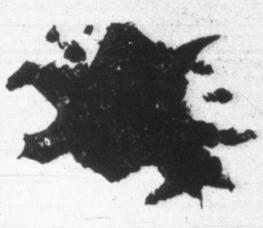
FOR 32 BELOW LOWER DOMINION Chase's Konthouse via Hunter Creek, 9:30 a. m.

FOR QUARTZ, MONTANA AND ELDREK'S CREEKS—9 a. m. every other day, sun days included.

Sunday Service—Leave Dawson and Grand Forks at 9 a. m. and 3 p. m.

ALL STAGES LEAVE OFFICE N. C. CO. BUILDING. PHONE 8.

Watches set by departure and arrival of our stages.



**Did It Catch Your Eye?**

*A Little Printer's Ink, if Judiciously Used, Will Do It Every Time.*

Speaking of Printer's Ink, we have barrels of it, all colors; also the most complete line of Job Stock ever brought to Dawson.

**How Are You Fixed**

If you need anything in the Printing Line give us a call, we can supply you with anything from a calling card to a blank book.

*Remember, Rush Jobs Are Our Delight.*

*Jobs Promised Tomorrow's Delivered Yesterday.*

**The Nugget Printery**

**THEY ARE GOOD.**

You will say so after trying them. Beef Croquettes. Can be procured nowhere in Dawson but at The Family Grocery, F. S. Dunham, proprietor, corner 2nd Avenue and Albert street.

**Electric Power.....**

Most Economical, Efficient and Dependable.

**Dawson Electric Light and Power Co.**

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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**...J. J. O'NEIL...**

MINING EXPERT

Quartz mines examined and reported on. Correspondence solicited.

Address, — General Delivery, Dawson

**EMIL STAUF**

REAL ESTATE, MINING AND FINANCIAL BROKER

Agent for Harper & Laidlaw, owners of Harper's Addition, Menzie's Addition, The Imperial Life Insurance Company.

Collections Promptly Attended to Money to Loan. Houses to Rent.

Gold Dust Bought and Sold. N. C. Office Bldg. King St.

**...BAY CITY MARKET...**

Choicest Meats, Poultry, Fresh Fish and Game.

CHAS. BOSSUYT — Prop. King St., Opp. N. C. Co.

**Signs and Wall Paper**

**...ANDERSON BROS...**  
SECOND AVE.

see it," another... They are described... for good children... widely-circulated... here is, perhaps, only... st-journal, Vorwärts... are clean in this... which consistently... at the evils I have... journals whose circula... are not patronized... but the great adver... serve the severest... their columns to... matter, which is... impure. — Canadian... blisher.

beef, mutton... nza Market, next Post...

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, Washington... California... n and Mexico.

are manned by the... skillful navigators... onal Service the Role...

ners Carry Both... eight and Passengers

**BLERS**  
**TO KOYUKUK**

TAKE NOTICE... N. A. T. & T. Co... Yukon has a full... goods for outfitting... onable prices. Any... arising will be re... to their Circle City

